

SONG OF THE SHIRT WAIST.

How should a stenographer dress?
Second to none.
With fingers nimble and strong,
With eyes that are sparkling and keen,
A young woman sits in a womanly rig
With her pencil, her pad and machine.
Scratch, scratch, scratch,
With speed; not fussy with haste;
No poverty plaint, nor even a patch
Or smirch on her neat shirt waist.

Write, write, write,
From the business hour of nine;
And write, write, write,
Till time to lunch or to dine.

Then it's oh, for a jolly laugh!
With a bone of a Turk to pick,
Where sister workers meet and chaff
In the respite hour from click.

Click, click, click,
Merrily, line upon line;
Click, click, click,
And the shirt waist wavelets shine.

Quick-witted to catch the thought,
To correct each grammatical lapse,
Not sentimentally taught
By Balzac; but better, perhaps.

Click, click, click,
As eager at work as at play.
Click, click, click,
The sheet rolls up and away.

E's and S's and Y's,
Y's and S's and E's;
Picking them up with her twinkling
eyes,
And rattling them off the keys.

Write, write, write,
All womanly work elevates;
Write, write, write,
Esteem on faithfulness waits.

Oh, women with brothers dear,
Oh, women with husbands and sons!
Need not their sneers
At your sisters and peers,
Nor the talk of the morbid ones.

Right! right! right!
A just independence to gain,
And right! right! right!
Be it yours to help her attain.
—New York Sun.

GEO. ROCKERTON'S SWEETHEART.

I.
Alpheus Monrough had made his pile as a speculator, principally in rails, but he still amused himself by dealing now and again to the extent of \$1,000,000 or so, although for general business he had practically retired from 'change. He was a widower, with an only daughter, Miss Phyllis Monrough, aged 20—a fine, handsome blonde, who had taken up the study of science. Phyllis had, of course, heaps of offers, eligible and otherwise, but she had not met the man whom she cared to marry, and, at her urgent desire, her father had sent her to Harvard to enable her to pursue her studies. She went to the university with a mind fully made up to devote her life to science and to abjure matrimony. In fact, as she herself put it, she had locked up her heart and thrown away the key.

But we are told that "love laughs at locksmiths," and, in confirmation thereof, she had not been long at Harvard when she found herself head over ears in love with George Stanislaus Rockerton, who was studying law there. Young Rockerton came from a good family, was rich, good-looking, and in every way eligible; but when Phyllis wrote to her papa informing him of her tender passion and asking his consent to her engagement, she received a telegram (he was so urgent that he would not wait for the post to carry his refusal):

"No. Come home at once."
Phyllis had so rarely been denied anything that she was angry, astonished, dumfounded, brokenhearted all at once. No more words can accurately describe her feelings. However, there was no help for it. She must obey. And so, after an interview with her lover, in which they vowed eternal attachment, she precipitately threw up her studies and her newly-found hopes of bliss and returned to New York. Her father received her kindly, but with a firm-set countenance, which she knew from her observations of his dealings with others indicated that his mind was made up, and that nothing could alter it.

She, of course, burst into tears to begin with. But it made no visible effect on her parent.

"My dear Phyllis," he said, "you cannot imagine how it pains me to be obliged to run counter to your desires, but when I have explained matters to you, I hope you will agree with me and give up the idea of marrying this young Rockerton."

"When I was a lad, my father had a farm out West, the adjoining farm to which belonged to Ralph Rockerton, the grandfather of the young man you have met."

"I need not go into details; it will suffice for you to know that my father and old Rockerton had a bitter quarrel, and that a feud arose between the two families which can never be healed."

"I would rather see you in your coffin," he added, melodramatically, "than see you the wife of one of that brood."

"But, papa," urged Phyllis, "it is a very long time ago, and I don't think that a quarrel between my grandfather and his grandfather should be any reason why Geo—I mean Mr. Rockerton—should not be a good husband to me. He is rich. I've always done as you've wished, and now, when I feel that my life's happiness is at stake, you make this stupid objection."

She sobbed afresh, but her tears were thrown away on her obdurate parent, so she tried to cross-examine him on the subject of the quarrel.

"It must have been a very dreadful quarrel, papa, for you to harbor revenge all these years. Tell me more

about it. If my life is to be blighted," she said, sighing deeply, "I should like to know why."

Mr. Monrough felt himself getting into a corner with his daughter's wiles and tears, and he got a bit angry.

"It would be of no use," he replied, shortly; "my mind is irrevocably made up. But I may say this, as was common in those days, the quarrel led to fighting, and until your grandfather's death, which happened about two years afterward, every member of either family took every opportunity of trying to take the life of some member of the other. After father's death we sold the farm and came East, and so the enmity ceased actively; but I could never consent to your marrying into the hated family—never!"

"But, papa," insisted the girl, "what was it about? What led to the quarrel?"

"It was about a stream, my dear, which ran between the two estates. Old Rockerton insisted that the water was all on his land, whereas it was the boundary, and we had the right on one side of the stream and he on the other. But it really distresses me to think about that dreadful time, when for two whole years I walked about with my life in my hand, so to speak. I beg you will say no more on the subject."

"Well, just one question, papa," asked Phyllis, with an eye to future contingencies. "Was anyone killed?"

"No. No one was killed," answered Mr. Monrough; "but your grandfather was shot in the arm, and I can never forgive them—never—never!"

Her father then insisted on her promising him that she would never marry without his consent, which she did readily enough, but she saw it was useless arguing with him any further, and for the time the matter ended.

II.
It soon became evident to Mr. Monrough that Phyllis was really fretting and making herself ill about "that confounded fellow Rockerton," as he said to himself. He was a man of action, and determined to give her a thorough change.

"Phyllis, my girl," he said the next morning at breakfast, "how would you like to go to England for a bit?"

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, with the most brilliant look on her face that he had seen there for a long time. "That would be delightful. You know I've always wanted to go across and see the old world. But can you spare the time?"

"Well, no, my girl, I can't just now," he replied. "I am obliged to remain here for a time, as I have a speculation on which requires my presence on the spot, but Mrs. Laking is going over by the next Cunarder and she would chaperon you to your uncle's in Manchester, where you could stay and amuse yourself till I arrive, which probably would be in about three months."

So it was settled, and the following week Phyllis, having first informed young Rockerton, with whom she kept up a secret correspondence, of her departure and her destination, stepped on board the mail steamship under the care of her lady friend and in due course arrived at her uncle's in Manchester.

She was warmly received by her English relatives. Thomas Spander, her late mother's brother, had a large business in the cotton spinning trade in Manchester, and resided at Birkdale, going backward and forward to his business, so that she had the benefit of the sea air. What with that and her voyage over and her new surroundings she in a very short time resumed her old healthy looks, and, as Mr. Spander wrote to Mr. Monrough, "she seemed to have entirely forgotten her love affair."

She also, of course, frequently wrote to her father. In one of her letters she said: "I am awfully comfortable here. Everybody seems to do everything possible to make me happy. Uncle Thomas's son George is at home from the university, where he is studying for the church. He seems a very nice young man, not at all solemn as one would think, and he plays tennis lovely. He returns to Cambridge to-morrow."

"Um!" reflected old Monrough, as he read this letter. "That's more like it, now! But I'd rather she didn't marry a parson. Still, if they knock their heads together, I won't stand in the way. I'll give her plenty of money, and" (he had rather vague ideas of church matters) "it'll get him a deanery or a bishopric, or something."

Phyllis had been in England for two months, and everything had settled down quietly, when Mr. Monrough was electrified one morning to receive a cablegram from her:

George has come all the way from Cambridge. Wants to marry me immediately. Do you consent and make us happy?

PHYLLIS.
"Well! this beats cock fighting!" murmured Mr. Monrough, as he stared at the message. "He must have fallen very deeply in love with her, indeed. Oh, I consent. But how about the settlement? I suppose that Tom Spander reckons on my doing what is right, and so I will. I wish I could get over, but I'm stuck fast with that confounded speculation for another month. It might lose me a million if I left it, and I can't afford that. Well, here goes!"

And he sent this reply telegram: Don't understand the hurry, but I consent. Am very pleased. Wish every happiness. Cannot leave here for a month. Tell uncle I will arrange handsomely.

MONROUGH.
III.
Ten days after this message, on the morning of the arrival of the Cunard steamship at New York, Mr. Monrough was sitting in his private office when the door opened and in walked his daughter, leaning on the arm of a very well-set-up young man—of course, her husband.

The old man jumped up.

"Well, this is a surprise!" he shouted. "What on earth made you in such a hurry to get married? Ah! well, I was young myself once, and I know when I fell in love with your mother I was in a deuce of a hurry to get married."

"Oh, papa!" murmured Phyllis, as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "It was so kind of you to give your consent. I am so happy. I thought you would, though, when you knew what a long way George had come to seek me!"

"Oh, well, I guess it's not such a very long way, after all," replied her father. "England's only a little place altogether, you know."

"Well," said George, "that's true; but it's high upon 4,000 miles before you get there."

The elder man stared at this observation, which (like some of the redoubtable Captain Bunby's) he couldn't understand the application of. However, he passed it over.

"Well, George, my boy," he said, as he shook his hand in a hearty grip. "I'm truly glad to have you for a son-in-law. And how's your father?"

"My father?" echoed George. "He's been dead this ten years or more."

"What does all this mean?" cried Mr. Monrough, in amazement. "Am I mad, or what is it? You have just left your father, my brother-in-law, Tom Spander, in England, haven't you?"

Phyllis threw up her arms and, with a wild shriek, fell down on the thickest part of the soft fur rug that lay before the fireplace, in what appeared to be a dead faint.

The two men bent down at the same time to attend to her and bumped their heads together, and everything was confusion.

"My name's not Spander," said George, hurriedly, as he rubbed his head with one hand and supported Phyllis with his disengaged arm. "My name's Rockerton, and I went all the way from Harvard University in Cambridge, Mass., to England to secure your daughter."

The pen refuses to record Mr. Monrough's forcible language when he was thus suddenly made acquainted with the fact that he had given his consent to his daughter's marriage with the son of the family to which he had sworn deadly hatred, and the very man he had before refused, while all the time he had thought Phyllis was marrying George Spander, his brother-in-law's son.

For about five minutes the place would hardly hold him, and his anger was such that he took no means to restore his daughter, leaving her new-found husband to "bring her round" as best he could.

However, by the time he had roared himself out of breath he saw the futility of his further opposition and resentment, and, like the good business man that he was, he veered round and met the wind as it blew.

"Well! well!" he said. "I've been done, but what's done can't be helped." He then turned to assist Phyllis, but by a strange coincidence that young lady had just come to, and in a burst of hysterical tears, begged forgiveness for the little misunderstanding.

"I forgive you, you little witch," her father cried. "But I have my suspicions about the misunderstanding."

And Mr. Monrough has never been able to decide in his own mind whether it was accidental or of malice prepense on Phyllis' part that the misunderstanding occurred. He has on several occasions tackled his daughter on the subject, but she has always managed most skillfully to evade the question, and as she and her husband are the happiest couple imaginable, and "George is not such a bad chap after all," Mr. Monrough has long since ceased to inquire into it and has also, of course, buried the hatchet with the Rockerton family.—Tid-Bits.

He Caught the Lightning.

Mr. Bishop's cruise along the Atlantic coast of the United States in a paper canoe, some years ago, excited wide remark, and his advent here and there in little inlets where he sought shelter for the night was often a great event, especially to the colored inhabitants. That a man could sail in a paper boat was indeed a marvel. Of his reception at one such place he gives the following account:

The blacks crowded around the canoe, and while feeling its firm texture, expressed themselves in their peculiar and original way. One of them, known as a "tonguey nigger," volunteered to explain the wonder.

To the question from one negro, "How did dis yere Yankee come all dis fur way in de paper canoe, all hisself lone?" the "educated" negro replied:

"It's all de Lord. No man ken come so fur in a paper boat ef de Lord didn't help him. De Lord does eberything. He puts de rings in de Yankee's hands to de 'em, an' dey does 'em. Dar was Franklin up Norf, dat made de telegraph. Did ye eber hear tell ob him?"

"Nebber, nebber!" answered many voices, and with a look of commiseration for such ignorance, the orator proceeded:

"Dis great Franklin, Cap'n Franklin, he tort he'd kotch de lightning and make de telegraph; so he flies a big kite way up to de heabens, an' he puts de string in de bottle dat hab nuffin in it. Den he holds up de bottle in one han', an' he holds de cork in de uther han'." Down comes de lightning an' fills de bottle full up, an' Cap'n Franklin he done cork him up mighty quick, an' katched de lightning an' made de telegraph."

Our Hard Coal Supply.

A recent expert estimate of the extent of the anthracite coal fields in the United States places their contents at 11,921,400,000 tons. The annual production averages 45,000,000 tons, at which rate the supply would last some 265 years.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Willing Man.
He—If there is anything a woman enjoys it is being a martyr.
She—And how willing some man is to help her enjoy herself that way.—Indianapolis Journal.

Correct.
A little boy having his music lesson was asked by his teacher: "What are pauses?"
"Things that grow on pussy cats," was the quick response.—Louisville Times.

There Are Others.
"What is the trouble between Alexander and his wife?"
"Only a little family jar. He was saying that he would give anything if he could have a wheel and she suggested that he might take one of those he had in his head."—Boston Transcript.

And He Fled.



Inventor—Say, George, come with me. This is a patent car fender. I want you to lie on the track of the electric car and be picked up before a crowd, proving that a man cannot be killed when it's used. I'll pay you after the experiment.

One of His Own.
"Didn't the doctor tell Drinkum to take only a thimbleful of whisky?"
"Yes; but Drinkum had a thimble made to order."—Boston Traveler.

Shades of Newton!
Tommy—Papa, there is a large black bug on the ceiling.
Professor (very busy)—Step on it and let me alone.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Father Hard.
He—I'm going to apply my talents, but can't make up my mind whether I shall go in for art or poetry.
She—Oh, poetry!

He (delighted)—Have you ever heard any of my verses?
She—No; but I've seen some of your art.—St. Paul's.

Mr. Whistler and the Gusher.
"Mr. Whistler," said the gushing lady visitor to the cynical artist, "why do you never paint a storm at sea?"
"My dear lady, I've often tried, but unfortunately I paint in oils, and as soon as I spread my colors the waves subside and the sea becomes as calm as a duck pond."—New York World.

Her Great Hit.
"Well, did the new Juliet make a hit?"
"Yes, she pulled the balcony over on Romeo and nearly killed him."

His Epitaph.



Widow (ordering tombstone)—And I don't want any maudlin sentiment on it. Just put: "Died. Aged 75. The good die young."—Exchange.

What He Did Know.
Drinkwater, coming home from a banquet, accosts a gentleman of divinity in this manner: "I say, bishop, can you tell me if they have champagne in heaven?"
The Bishop—I don't know about that, but I can assure you of one thing, sir; you will find plenty of real pain in the other place.—To Date.

The Worst.
Patron (to proprietor of saloon)—Of all the free lunch I ever ate that is the worst.
Proprietor—Certainly; it's weiner wurst.—To Date.

The Critic She Feared.
Mrs. Newrich—Henry, you gave yourself away badly at the dinner table to-night. Do you know you were actually eating with your knife?
Mr. Newrich—No! was I, though? I hope none of the guests noticed it.

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, I don't care so much about them—but our English butler did.—Wilmington Gazette.

Spirit of the Age.

"Do you desire the peace of Europe?"
Chorus of Great Powers—"That depends on which of us gets the biggest piece."—Exchange.

An Unfortunate Chap.
Checkery—Poor Algy! He's so how wildly defamed!
Stripes—Defawmed?
Checkery—Yaas, poor boy; his eyes are so pwooment that he can't wear a monocle.—Truth.

Just the Thing.



Shopman—You won't be far wrong in buying that cane, sir. It fits you beautifully.

Woman's Way.
"What is the amount of the poll tax, John?" asked Mrs. Cawker.
"One dollar," replied Mr. Cawker.
"When we women got the ballot we will mark it down to 99 cents."—Harper's Bazar.

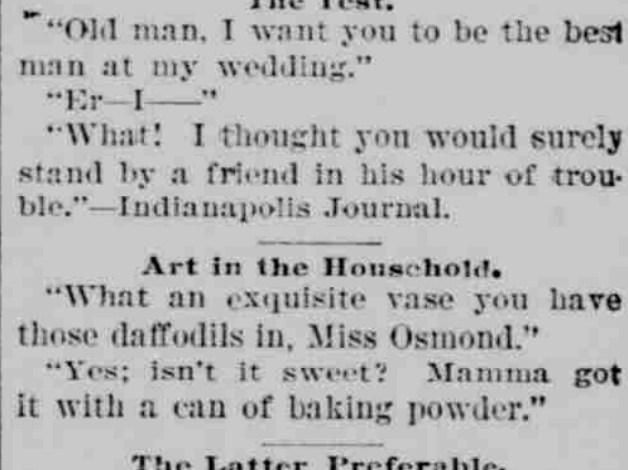
The Pen Is Mightier, Etc.
It was simply a blunder of his in writing and she should have known better; but there! women are such queer things! and she got as mad as could be about it. You see, he meant to speak of her "laughing eyes" and, as luck would have it, he wrote "laughable eyes." That was all.—Boston Transcript.

Best He Could Do.
"All I demand for my client," shouted the attorney, in the voice of a man who was paid for it, "is justice!"
"I am very sorry I can't accommodate you," replied the Judge, "but the law won't allow me to give him more than fourteen years."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Test.
"Old man, I want you to be the best man at my wedding."
"Er—I—"
"What! I thought you would surely stand by a friend in his hour of trouble!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Art in the Household.
"What an exquisite vase you have those daffodils in, Miss Osmond."
"Yes; isn't it sweet? Mamma got it with a can of baking powder."

The Latter Preferable.



Miss Kate—I like a man with a past. He is always interesting.
Miss Duplicate—I like a man with a present, and the more expensive the present, the more interest I take in it.

Responsibility Disclaimed.
Hamlet McDuff (in Arizona)—I've been playing in your town a week, sir, and your paper hasn't contained a line about me.

Editor Bazoo—Well, in case of a lynching they can't say that I incited it.—New York World.

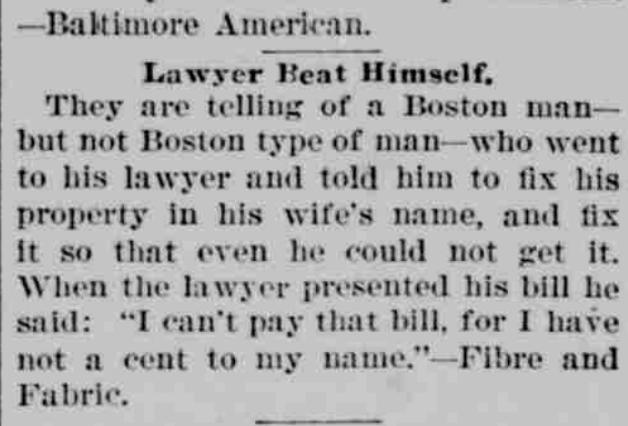
Warning to Colorado.
Now that gold fields have been discovered in the United States, the world is waiting to see whether England will claim that all along she has been under a great mistake concerning the true boundary of her Canadian possessions.—Baltimore American.

Lawyer Beat Himself.
They are telling of a Boston man—but not Boston type of man—who went to his lawyer and told him to fix his property in his wife's name, and fix it so that even he could not get it. When the lawyer presented his bill he said: "I can't pay that bill, for I have not a cent to my name."—Fibre and Fabric.

Outbragged.
Hard Knox—Fever! I hit you once they won't be nothin' left but to rug fer de ambulance.

Tuff Muggs—Is dat so? See dat milt? Well, de authorities don't allow me to wear gloves on de street, 'cause it would be a case of carryin' concealed weapons.—Indianapolis Journal.

Worse and Worse.



Thunder Myth.
A curious thunder myth is related by Mr. A. L. Algers, who heard it from an old Penobscot Indian woman. It appears that every spring these Indians, on hearing the first thunder, build a fire in the open air, and throw tobacco on it to give "Grandfather Thunder" a smoke. The custom originated in a legend of the Penobscots to the effect that a young woman of the tribe was once saved from a "loathly worm" by thunder and lightning. Mr. Louis Mitchell, once the Indian member of the Maine Legislature and a Passamaquoddy Indian, assured Mr. Algers that no Indian property is ever injured by lightning, which is regarded as "Grandfather Thunder's wife."

Cigarette Law Rejected.
The Massachusetts Senate has rejected the bill to prevent the manufacture and sale of cigarettes and cigarette tobacco in this State; and very properly. There is already a law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to minors, and that is quite enough.—Boston Transcript.

If you want to write or say just what you please, claim to be a reformer.

"Them duds is gettin' was an was. Now they are black'nin' the inside of their boots."